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THE OLD GENTLEMAN WHO POPS ABOUT.

In every body's neighbourhood in a large city, there is sure to be an individual known as "the old gentleman who pops about." Being one of the few to whom it is vouchsafed to realise that period of retired ease which all look forward to as the reward of their industry, he has no serious business of any kind to attend to—nothing to do but to live. He is still, perhaps, the nominal head of a family, who reside in the same house; or his children have all flown off and left him in solitude; or possibly he now lives with a married daughter. Perhaps he has nobody about him but the individual whom he calls his old woman; or possibly he never had any wife or child, but is simply a solitary old bachelor. It matters not: no one cares to ascertain his name or circumstances; enough that he is known by personal appearance, to all the neighbourhood, as the old gentleman who pops about. He has a hale old figure, great-coated in winter, more light and jaunty in summer—a cane or umbrella—and every morning, soon after breakfast, he is observed to leave his house in a vigorous kind of way, drawing to the door with a great slap behind him, and taking a firm and manful look of the sky, as if determined to brave whatever it may send. He then moves off towards the centre of the town, in order to visit the reading-room, an institution without which it would be vain for him to try to exist. Entering it at the time when most people are engaged in business, he finds almost all the papers at his service. There are none there besides a few old fellows like himself, whom he is rather glad to see than otherwise, as they are always willing to have a little chat with him about the news of the day. His air on entering is that of a man to whom the place is as familiar as his home. He looks about him as he would look round his own parlour. Having planted his umbrella in the rack, and hung up his greatcoat and hat on the convenience designed for that purpose, he sets seriously about the business of his forenoon, by in the first place gathering a few of the most interesting papers together, and taking them to a particular part of the room, where he is to sit. Then, if possible, he secures a chair near the fire (for we must suppose winter to be the season), and, taking out his spectacles, begins reading one of the morning papers. Reading newspapers is with him a very different business from what it is with many. You will see hundreds come into the reading-room, glance over three papers in one minute, and then vanish. The old gentleman pays attention to it. He does not fly to the leading article, or summary, to get the cream of the matter at once. That would be posching the whole ground. He reads the parliamentary debates in the first place—all the foreign correspondence, and extracts from foreign journals—then, perhaps, he may allow himself to read the leading articles, so as to make up his mind—but not till then. He is one of those, in fact, who, if they received twenty papers at once after a snow-storm, would begin with that of earliest date, go on to the next, and the next, and the next, and not read the last, till full justice had been done to all that went before. He is feverishly afraid lest any thing in the way of news should go past him; lest, by overlooking a day or two, the chain of things may be severed, and he never be able to take it up again. The want of a day's papers would be to him like skipping over a volume in a novel. "My friends," he would think, with more than the melancholy of Titus, "we have lost a day." When he next set to his task, every thing would look strange; he would not know where he was. He must carry every thing on with him as

he goes. To find "further particulars" of any thing of which he had omitted to see the commencement—a coroner's inquest upon an overlooked murder, for instance—would be grievous. His only resource would be to fly to the provincial papers, in the hope of seeing the early part of the affair copied into some of them. The reading of this class of journals is the next business after the perusal of the metropolitan. He peruses the papers of his own city in the first place, then those of the nearest large city, then a great range of distant and miscellaneous, finishing off perhaps with a transient glance at the Jersey Gazette, the Wolverhampton Chronicle, or some other unheard-of paper, only taken in upon principle. It is rarely that you find him with only one paper about him. Usually he is reading one, has another under his arm, and a third resting beside him on the chair—somewhat after the fashion of a very clever eater of my early acquaintance, of whom it was said that he had always one bite getting cut off, another in his mouth, and a third going down his throat. He does not like to have to wait for papers, and he therefore takes care, when he is about to finish one, and knows that the one he wishes next to read is in some other body's hands, to mention, quite in a by-the-by way, that in a little he will be obliged for that paper, and so forth. But he is by no means a hasty reader. He has only too much time. He is not impatient. He likes to digest what he reads. He therefore pauses frequently, to wipe his spectacles and look about; and if there be only a few old gentlemen like himself in the room, he does not scruple to make a few remarks upon what is going on. If you unexpectedly come in, you will perhaps find the whole fraternity enjoying a social laugh at something that has been read or spoken, rolling in their chairs, rubbing their elbows, and making a great flutter with the papers. Speaking is of course against the rules; but then who can challenge the old gentlemen? Not the waiters, certainly, or the keeper of the room. By fretful interferences, orders, and demands, and their gruff respectable aspect, the old gentlemen have all these people cap in hand to them. What enormous bargains in reading and ordering the old fellows take for their subscriptions, while younger and busier men look in only for a minute once a-day, and never think of giving any trouble. But, in fact, our conscript fathers appear as just the staff of the establishment, keeping things going between one time of frequentation and another. No wonder that the people who attend to matters begin at length to look upon them as having more than the usual right to do as they please. Besides, the old gentlemen have generally few companions to whom their talking can be an annoyance. They don't like the room at those times when others are at liberty to attend it. They cannot then get their freedom. When a tide from any cause begins to pour in, they get fussed, quit their chairs, draw to greatcoat and umbrella, and are to be seen dropping off in pairs, remarking audibly—and this after full three hours' reading—that really there is no news.

A stroll through the streets, enlivened with a little shopping, will take up a large part of what remains of the old gentleman's forenoon. He calls at the market, and sends home a dinner. The old woman has perhaps given him three commissions, one to order a bottle of furniture oil from the upholsterer, another to buy two hat nails at the ironmonger's, and a third to pay, grudgingly, an overcharged account for cleaning of a shawl to a distant renovator of apparel. He does not like large bustling shops in the central parts of the town; too much business there to allow of talk.

He greatly prefers places of business newly set up in suburban situations, where the trader is glad to see a face on any terms, and will chat for an hour, in hope of custom, with any individual who will but purchase something at a penny, and who appears to reside in the neighbourhood. He is somewhat disposed to act the part of Sir Mungo Malagrowth with such individuals. Business is overdone in general (all gentlemen retired from business think business is overdone); this particular business is particularly overdone; and business, both general and particular, is generally and particularly overdone in this particular district. He cannot, in fact, understand how there is to be business for so many shops. Some must be closed. The trader may asseverate that he has every reason to entertain good hopes; but the old gentleman who pops about knows much better. He may give a civil assent to what the young man says, but evidently pities him still. After giving all the alarm he can, he takes up his pennyworth of wafers—hitherto allowed to lie on the counter, as denoting that the business transaction was not closed—and, popping them into his pocket, pops off upon his walk. He has a great variety of walks. One day he goes out of town in one direction—another day in another—always returning by a different way. In every instance he has some particular goal, or distance point, round which to turn. If any public or private work of importance, such as a bridge, a harbour, or a gentleman's seat, be in the course of erection at a convenient distance, it serves capitally as a point to walk to. To see how it has been getting on during the last ten days, keeps his mind in a state of pleasing anxiety all the way out. When he gets to the place, he sidles into conversation with some overseer of the workmen, or, if an overseer be wanting, with the workmen themselves, and learns all about it. After contemplating it for an hour, with his hand behind his back, holding his cane, which describes the bend sinister athwart his person, he trudges slowly but contentedly home again, and eats his dinner as if he had acquired a right to it. The old gentleman who pops about is a kind of newspaper for making known the progress of such public works. The younger and busier world never gets to see them—scarcely thinks about them—till some afternoon, at a dinner party, some one asks how the Duke of Buccleuch's harbour is advancing, or if the new silk factory at the Canal Basin is yet near completion—not that any great interest is felt in the matter; but, simply, there must be something said. Then the old gentleman who pops about becomes a person of some little consequence. He can give information. He has accounts of the harbour up to Tuesday last, and a report upon the silk factory so late as Thursday. Five thousand three hundred and fifty-three tons of stone have been laid down at the one, and the other has now reached the third story, all except a small piece of the east wing. The one is expected to be finished early in spring thirty-eight, and the other in the middle of summer thirty-seven. The duke is to lay out ninety thousand pounds, and the silk manufacturer is to employ fifteen hundred hands. Every thing is as distinct as a set of docketed papers, tied up with red tape, and deposited in shottle fifteen. The old gentleman, upon the whole, rather shines at a dinner party. He has all the news of the newspapers to a paragraph. He knows every thing about the progress of remarkable buildings in and around the town. Moreover, he possesses a vast fund of small local information, partaking of the character of news, which he has picked up in the course of his saunterings and gossipings, and which passes very well at a dinner-party, though, in the busy part of the day,

most of the individuals present would not for a moment listen to it. He knows whether this is likely to be a busy season at Portobello—he can even enumerate the principal families which have already gone down to it. He has ascertained, from the sentinel at the gate of the barracks, that the Fifth Dragoons, there stationed, are to have a grand review in about a fortnight. He can tell the exact amount of the subscription for the sufferers by the late fire up to a late day, and how much each of the banks gave. He knows what a particular clergyman said respecting a particular circumstance on a certain particular occasion, and what some of the elders thought of it. In the course of his suburban walks, he has become somewhat acquainted with rural affairs. He has a distinct notion of the crops for at least two miles round town. Mr O. of L. is to begin cutting next Monday. It is to be a good oat crop, but wheat rather light. Too much dry weather at the end of May. Better pickle than straw. There is one department of local knowledge in which, above all others, he is well informed—the circumstances and prospects of the various joint-stock banks and insurance companies about town. Having himself money to be laid out in such concerns, he has ascertained every thing about them—all their dividends for many years back—how far dependence is to be placed on the genuineness of those dividends—the present price of the stock of each—their various ways of doing business—the talents of the manager—with perhaps a few specialties as to certain transactions which are likely to turn out profitable or the reverse—all, however, hinted rather than expressed. From the whole strain of his conversation on these subjects, you could almost suppose the old gentleman to be infallible. It does not seem as if any house insured in his favourite offices could ever take fire; or any life in the same circumstances could ever—delicate phrase!—"drop;" or as if any of the gentlemen who discount at the —, or the —, could ever—equally delicate phrase!—"give way." There seems something that says all profit and no loss in his very look. The young aspirant after wealth looks—envious—and despairs.

The old gentleman who pops about takes a great interest in little matters of police. There is a crossing near his house which he has under his especial care; the least disorder in its appearance raises his wrath, and he vows to let the commissioners hear of it. The scavengers regard him with great though rancorous awe, ever since he procured a reprimand for one of their number from the board. The walking policeman will do any thing for him, in duty or out of duty, through perfect terror. It is not easy to be a resident commissioner in the ward of the old gentleman who pops about. He has the eyes of a very lynx for every kind of impropriety, and allows none to pass without commending to it the attention of that functionary, whom he will sometimes keep fussing about for a whole forenoon, and all about nothing. He takes, in fact, a kind of fatherly charge over the street. All the other inhabitants have their business to attend to: he alone is at leisure to attend to that peculiar business called *every body's business*, which, but for him, would be the business of nobody. It would be for the advantage of every street to have at least one old gentleman who pops about as an inhabitant. One! why, there can be but one in a street. If another were to come, they would soon worry down to one again. The one would kill the other as certainly as a cock kills off its rival, or the sultan abolishes every thing in the shape of brothers. Two old gentlemen who pop about, in one street, would be a phenomenon useful in cases of ophthalmia. But there never can be any such thing, and so no more needs be said on the point. Among the things about a street which trouble an old gentleman who pops about, are the children. He has a great deal to do in keeping these little denizens of the pavé in order. He has rescued ten from being run over by carts, and pulled at least three out of waters in which they were on the point of being drowned. He seems to have a kind of ubiquity in the matter of accidents. No such thing ever takes place, but the old gentleman passes just about the time, and either saves life and limb, or is at the most only a minute too late. He is always sure to be one of the principal figures at the carrying home. Having been unable to save the little rascal from getting his two fore-teeth knocked out by a fall from a pile of logs, he at least takes care to carry home his cap, and deliver it to the sorrowing mamma. "It is my wonder, ma'am, how they are so seldom hurt. Children are so reckless and so mischievous. If my daughter's little boy were killed twice a-week, it would be no astonishment to me. But I suppose children are just destined by providence to get a certain number of broken heads. So we must put up with

it." And then, having been duly thanked for his attention, he politely takes his leave. So goes on, from day to day, the life of an old gentleman who pops about. Such are the circumstances, occupations, and pleasures, of that condition which all are struggling so eagerly to attain.

THE DARIEN EXPEDITION.

THE Isthmus of Darien, a spot full of sad recollections to the minds of Scotsmen, is the well-known neck of land joining the two continents of America to each other, and separating the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. It was in the situation of this isthmus that Columbus, in his latter voyages, ardently expected to find a passage leading into the southern seas, and, consequently, opening a new and expeditious road to the commerce of the East. The great inroad made on the continents of the New World in this quarter, by the waters of the Mexican Gulf, favoured much this hope of the immortal navigator; and though it terminated in disappointment, the very expectation exalts our idea of his foresight and genius; seeing that, as his biographer observes, "if he was disappointed in finding a strait through the Isthmus of Darien, it was because nature herself had been disappointed, for she appears to have attempted to make one, and to have attempted it in vain." On the world in general, the non-existence of a strait through the isthmus has been attended with important consequences, as, had it existed, all those attempts to discover a passage to the Eastern Indies in other directions, on which the nations of Western Europe have expended so much labour, time, and cost, would never have been entered into. Darien would have been the road to the commerce of Asia, with all her rich and spicy isles.

The narrow neck of land, which was the only barrier in the way of this great result, at last attracted the eye of a daring and enterprising man, who conceived that the obstacle in question might be overcome, and that the Isthmus of Darien might still be, what nature had so nearly made it, the key to the commerce of the world. This man was William Paterson. He was a Scotsman by birth, and was educated for the church; but being of an adventurous disposition, and eager to see new countries, he made his profession the instrument of indulging this propensity, and spent many years in the West Indies, ostensibly with the view of converting the natives of the islands to the Christian faith. It is supposed, however, that his real occupation in these regions was of a very different character, and that he actually united himself with the Buccaneers who then infested the Spanish Main. That the information which induced him ultimately to engage in the scheme which we are about to describe, was chiefly derived from these roving plunderers, is at least certain, though there is no ground but conjecture for the assertion that this knowledge was acquired by associating with them in lawless rapine. However this might be, Paterson, at this period of his life, made himself thoroughly acquainted with the natural character and capabilities of the Darien Isthmus. He satisfied himself that there was a tract of land upon it, over which neither the Spaniards, who possessed the adjoining territory, nor any other European nation, had ever obtained any right, a tribe of natives having been always its independent masters. This tract lay between Portobello and Carthagena, and, at the mouth of the river Darien, about fifty leagues from each of the places mentioned, had an excellent natural harbour, capable of receiving the largest fleets, and strongly defended, by its position, either from storms or enemies. Such was the character of the coast on the Atlantic side, while on the Pacific lay several natural harbours, equally capacious and secure. The country between the seas at this point was composed of high ground, which rendered the climate temperate even in those hot latitudes, and the soil was of a rich black mould, several feet deep, and producing spontaneously every kind of tropical fruit. The ridge, moreover, was so adapted for the construction of roads, that beasts of burden and even carriages might have travelled easily from sea to sea in one day.

Such were the observations stored up in the mind of William Paterson, in his early years, respecting the Isthmus of Darien. Gold was likewise perceived by him in some parts of the country, and many other circumstances were noted down in his memory, all tending to establish the probable success of a settlement in the spot. With the two Americas close at hand, penetrable to their very centres by means of their immense rivers—with the whole range of the rich West Indian islands within almost a day's sail—with the broad Pacific on one side, opening upon all the wealth of the East, and on the other the Atlantic, incessantly traversed by the fleets of the Old World—certainly, as an able author observes, "Darien seemed to be pointed out, by the finger of nature, as a common centre to connect together the trade and intercourse of the universe."

Though it is probable that the project for establishing a colony with these magnificent views was early matured in the mind of Paterson, yet his obscurity and want of means and friends deferred for a time its promulgation to the world. His mind, however, was not so entirely absorbed in his favourite scheme, that he could not direct it to other enterprises. About the year 1694, we find him in London, actively employed in modelling a plan for the establishment of the Bank

of England; and to him this great institution, now the most important of the kind in the world, chiefly owes its successful origin. For sometime he was a director of the bank, and received the consideration to which his merits entitled him. But those who had made use of his abilities in the time of need, afterwards neglected him, and the friendless Scot was intrusted out of the post, and even the honours he had earned.

After receiving discouraging answers from the few persons in London to whom he communicated his scheme for colonising Darien, Paterson went over to the Continent, and made offer of his project to the Dutch, the Hamburgers, and the elector of Brandenburg. The two former heard him with cold indifference, and the elector, after bestowing some countenance upon him, ultimately withdrew it, in consequence of false reports and some court enemies.

On his return to London, Paterson became acquainted with the celebrated Fletcher of Saltoun, who fell eagerly into the scheme for a settlement at Darien. Fletcher believed that he saw in it the means of raising Scotland to the rank of a high commercial nation; and, accordingly, he carried the projector down to that country, having prevailed upon him to give the Scotch the advantage of the offer. Having recently obtained a settlement of the religious questions which for a century had absorbed the national energies, the people of Scotland were now disposed to turn their attention to commerce, in which almost every other nation of Europe was their superior. The Marquis of Tweeddale, then minister for Scotland, and Lord Stair and Mr Johnston, secretaries of state, warmly patronised the scheme, and, in June 1695, procured a statute from parliament, and afterwards a charter from the crown in terms of that statute, for creating "A trading company to Africa and the New World, with power to plant colonies and build forts, with consent of the inhabitants, in any places not possessed by other European nations."

Here was the first great step gained, and Paterson immediately threw his project boldly upon the public, opening at the same time subscriptions for a company. "The phrensy," says Sir John Dalrymple, "of the Scotch nation to sign the Solemn League and Covenant, never exceeded the rapidity with which they ran to subscribe to the Darien Company. The nobility, the gentry, the merchants, the people, the royal burghs without the exception of one, and most of the other public bodies, subscribed. Young women threw their little fortunes into the stock; widows sold their jointures to get the command of money for the same purpose. Almost in an instant £400,000 were subscribed in Scotland, although it is now known that there was not at that time above £800,000 of cash in the kingdom." Nor was the success of the subscriptions confined to Scotland. In nine days £300,000 were subscribed in England; and the Dutch and Hamburgers, who had contemned the scheme when proposed by an unknown individual, contributed now £200,000. The conduct of Paterson in the midst of this success was noble and honourable. In the original articles of the company, it had been stipulated that he should be rewarded with two per cent. on the stock, and three per cent. on the profits. On seeing the vastness of the sums subscribed, however, he came forward, and gave a discharge of his claims to the company.

In the December of the same year, these flattering prospects were clouded by the first of those reverses, which rendered this magnificent plan eventually one of the heaviest calamities that ever befell a nation. The East India Company, alarmed at the sudden rise of what seemed likely to prove a formidable rival, assembled their numerous friends, and entered upon active measures to suppress the new company. An address against it was sent up to King William from the English House of Commons, which wrought so strongly upon the monarch, that he not only withdrew at once his favour from the company to which he had so lately granted a charter, but became its bitterest enemy. He dismissed the Scottish ministers, who had (to use his own words) advised him so ill, and directed his resident at Hamburg to memorialise the merchants of that city, to the effect that he disowned the Darien Company, and warned them against it. The senate of the city answered the king spiritedly, "that they were free to trade with whom they pleased, and marvelled especially that he should endeavour to prevent their intercourse with a body of his own subjects, to which, by a solemn act, he had so lately given large privileges." But the king's influence in the end prevailed, and Hamburg withdrew her subscriptions. The Dutch and English subscribers did the same, and the Scots were left to pursue their object alone. They did vigorously; they built six ships on the Continent, and engaged as colonists twelve hundred men, many of them members of the best families of Scotland. The parliament of the nation, besides, continued to support the scheme.

On the 26th day of July 1698, the colonists set sail from the harbour of Leith, bearing with them the prayers, the hopes, and, alas! great part of the wealth of Scotland. Strong in body, and hardy in habits, the crews of the Darien ships accomplished their voyage in two months, with the loss of only fifteen men. Anxious that their character and purposes should not be misunderstood, they purchased from the natives, immediately on landing, the tract of country which their leader had fixed upon, and sent messages of amity to every Spanish governor in the neighbouring countries. Their buildings were then commenced,

and to the station they gave the name of New St Andrew, while the beloved name of Caledonia was assigned to the country itself. Defences were also erected, and mounted with fifty pieces of cannon. The first public act of the colony was also issued, and it was one worthy of the liberal mind of the projector, Paterson. It was a declaration of freedom of trade and religion to all nations.

The colony thus located fell rapidly into decay. Trusting to the support of the British settlements in the Mexican Gulf, the Scots had brought out an inefficient stock of provisions with them; and on making application, they found that orders had been sent from England to the governors of the West Indian and American colonies, to hold no correspondence, much less to give any assistance to the colonists of Darien. Those who extenuate King William's conduct in issuing these cruel orders, say that Spain had protested against the colony, on the ground that the land belonged to the Spanish monarch. True it is, that such a protest was made, but the date of the orders is prior to that of the protest. Indeed, it is probable that the orders, by showing King William's disavowal, were the cause of the Spanish claim being made. The truth is, that William's whole reign evinced, if not a dislike to Scotland, at least a disposition to regard it as a paltry, and to him inimical, appendage of England. The alarm of the English and Dutch India Companies, loudly expressed and unweariedly acted upon, was the real cause of the king's conduct, if worse motives had not their influence.

The natives, during the eight months that the first Darien colony existed, were more kind to the settlers than their civilised brethren and countrymen. The poor Indians hunted and fished for the new-comers, and gave every assistance in their power. But at the end of the time mentioned, having received no news from Scotland, every one of the colonists, almost, had either died or quitted the settlement.

Meanwhile, the Scottish nation, ignorant of the state of matters abroad, though aware of the Spanish protest, sent out another band of thirteen hundred men to the assistance of the settlement. The second expedition had a most unfortunate passage; one ship was lost, and great numbers of the men died on shipboard in the other vessels. The survivors arrived one after another in a straggling manner, and, instead of finding comfort and plenty, were shocked to behold a miserable famished remnant of their predecessors at Darien. The fear of the Spaniards was now added to their other distresses; and the arrival, three months after the landing of the second band of settlers, of Captain Campbell with a shipful of men from his own estate in the Highlands, confirmed these boding anticipations. He brought intelligence to New St Andrew that a Spanish force of fifteen hundred men lay encamped at a place called Subucante, waiting for the arrival of eleven ships of war, in order to attack and destroy the new colony. The Scots had still enough of spirit remaining, amid their disasters, to attempt a vigorous plan of resistance. Captain Campbell, with a force of only two hundred men, marched upon Subucante, stormed the enemy's camp by night, and scattered them after a terrible slaughter. But on his return to New St Andrew, the gallant Highlander found the Spanish ships before the harbour, and their troops landed. He threw his small force into the place, and made a brave defence for the space of six weeks. At the end of this time the colonists were obliged to capitulate. The conditions, however, were most favourable; they obtained not only the common honours of war, but security also for the property of the company. Captain Campbell, whose exclusion at his own desire from the capitulation was the chief cause of these favourable terms, contrived to escape from his enemies, and returned in safety to Scotland, where the home company paid him the honours he so well merited.

The Spaniards, enemies as they were, seem to have felt pity for the wretched remnant of the colony of Darien. They assisted the settlers to embark in the ships that were left, and behaved generously to them in every respect. Indeed, every nation in Europe seems to have felt shame for the cruel desertion and persecution of the poor colonists. The leaky state of the ships forced them to touch at several places on their return home; by foreigners they were kindly used; and at English stations barbarously: one of the ships was even seized and detained by an English governor. Of all the men who embarked in this great undertaking, about thirty only saw their native land again. Paterson was seized with fever on his return, and for a time was deprived of reason by the unhappy issue of his scheme. He recovered, however, the use of his faculties, and showed that the spirit of enterprise in his breast was undying, by the memorials which he presented to the king and the government for the renewal of his stupendous project upon a wider and more stable basis. His representations were never attended to.

How deeply Scotland felt this great blow, may be conceived from the amount of her capital, and the number of her sons, destroyed by its failure. In one or other of these respects, almost every family participated more or less in the calamity. Added to the recollection of the Glencoe Massacre, the Darien Expedition excited a deep feeling of resentment in the breasts of the Scottish people against both the English and their sovereign, which two succeeding ages did not see entirely obliterated. It may safely be assumed, that, if the cause of the Stuarts had afterwards any

favour among the Lowland Scotch, it was owing almost solely to the memory of these two atrocious transactions. Nevertheless, good may be said to have flowed from the calamity, for it was probably in consequence of the cruel selfishness of the English on the occasion of the expedition to Darien, that the Scotch in 1703 assumed so determined an attitude of hostile threat against England, and wrung from her fears that equality of commercial rights, which could never have been obtained from her justice, and which, perfected by the Union, was the basis of all the prosperity now enjoyed by Scotland.

AN EAST-INDIAN TALE.*

You are already aware—said Everard Brooke, while seated amidst the friends who had met to listen to his story—that my fortune was made in the island of Ceylon. It was there that I was so lucky as to find employment in the house of a man, whose virtues rendered him as much the object of universal esteem, as the favours which he conferred upon me, entitled him to my peculiar gratitude. I was engaged by him as his secretary; but all other names were soon forgotten by us both in that of friends. He was an Englishman as well as myself, and perhaps this had no slight influence in producing so strict an intimacy between us. A variety of untoward circumstances had compelled him to abandon his native land, and sail in pursuit of fortune to the East. His toil had not been vain; the envious goddess, who fled from him with such disdain in Europe, now showered her favours upon his head with the most unwearied profusion. He had consumed but a few years in Ceylon, and was already rich, and possessed of a distinguished situation. It seemed as if fortune was at length resolved to convince the world that she was not always blind; for had she searched the whole island through, she would have found it difficult to bestow wealth and honour upon a wiser or a better man. But of all his treasures, that which he counted most precious, was a wife, who united all the beauty and graces of her sex with all the firmness and judgment of ours.

My friend and patron (his name was Seafield) possessed a villa at a small distance from Colombo. The place, it is true, was of no great extent, but it united in its fullest perfection all those charms which render Nature in that climate so irresistible an enchantress. This was Seafield's most beloved residence, and hither he hastened, whenever the duties of his station permitted his absenting himself for a few days from Colombo; in particular, there was a small circular pavilion designed by his own hand, and raised under his own inspection, to which he was particularly partial, and in which he was accustomed to pass the greatest portion of his time. It stood some few hundred yards from the dwelling-house, and was situated on a small eminence, whence the prospect over land and sea was of a description rich, varied, and extensive. Around it towered a thick circle of palm-trees, resembling a colonnade; their leafy fans formed a second cupola above the roof; and while they prevented a single sunbeam from piercing through the coolness of their embowering shades, their tall and slender stems permitted not the eye to lose one of the innumerable charms afforded by the surrounding landscape.

This delightful spot happened to be the residence of Seafield's whole family, when accidental business of importance required Louisa's presence at Colombo. Conscious that her husband considered every day as lost, which he was compelled to pass at a distance from his beloved retreat, she positively refused his attendance, but, accepting me as her escort, she departed for the city. Diligence and impatience to return home enabled her to dispatch her affairs in less time than she had expected them to occupy; and in the very first moment that she found herself once more at liberty, she ordered the palanquin to be prepared, and her slaves to hold themselves in readiness for departing. Our journey was performed by night, for the double purpose of reaching home the sooner, and of escaping the ardour of the noonday sun. We arrived an hour after daybreak; yet Seafield was already abroad.

"As usual, he ascended the hill to enjoy the beauty of the rising sun," said Zadi, Seafield's old and attached domestic. "We shall find him in the pavilion, then?" said Louisa. "Not an hour ago I left him there writing," was the answer. "We will go thither and surprise him," she said, addressing herself to me; "wait here while I change my dress; a few moments will suffice for my toilette, and I shall expect to find you here when I return."

In the meanwhile, I remained leaning against one of the columns which supported the small portico by which the door was sheltered. Hence I enjoyed an uninterrupted view of the hill and its pavilion, which, surrounded by its light and beautiful garland of palm-trees, attracted the sight irresistibly. While my eye dwelt with satisfaction on their broad sheltering heads, I fancied that I could discover a large excrescence upon the stem of one of them, extremely unusual in those trees, which in general rear themselves perpendicularly towards the sky, regular and straight as the pillars of a colonnade. It resembled a large branch extending from one stem to its neighbour; and that puzzled me the more in this appearance was, what it seemed occasionally to be waved backwards and forwards, though the breathing of the sea-gale was so gentle, that it scarcely moved the leaves on the neighbouring branches.

I was still puzzling myself with conjectures, when Zadi drew near me with some slight refreshments. I pointed to the branch whose apparent motion had excited so much of my attention, and inquired whether he could at all account for the strong effect produced upon it by the sea-breeze, while the slighter boughs were so gently agitated. He immediately turned himself towards the palm-trees; but no sooner did his eye rest upon the spot in question, than the silver basket with its contents dropped from his hands; the paleness of death spread itself over

his swarthy countenance; and while his eyes expressed the deepest horror and consternation, he pronounced with difficulty, "The anaconda!—that is the anaconda! We are undone!"

What could have produced an effect so sudden and so violent upon a man whom I well knew to inherit from nature the most determined courage and most remarkable self-possession, was to me absolutely incomprehensible. "Tell me," I exclaimed, "what terrifies you thus? What mean you by the anaconda?" Zadi endeavoured to recover himself; but before he had time for explanation, Mrs Seafield joined us, and, putting her arm in mine, advanced towards the pavilion. Zadi's tongue was now loosened. "Stay," said he; "proceed not a step beyond these walls. Every door and window must be shut and bolted. Ah! Mr Everard, that branch of the palm-tree—it is no branch—it is a snake! a terrible snake! We call it an anaconda, and its kind is in size the most enormous, in nature the most fierce, and in appetite the most voracious, of any to be found through all Ceylon! See! see!" he continued, approaching one of the windows, "see how the monster plays among the branches! It always twines and twists itself into those folds, and knots, and circles, when it prepares to dart itself upon the ground like lightning to seize its prey! Oh! my master! my poor dear master! he never can escape! nothing can save him!" Half of this alarming explanation was more than enough to throw the wretched Louisa into a state of distraction. Her features so distorted by terror that she was scarcely to be known for the same woman, her eyes stretched almost to breaking, and her hands folded together with as strong a grasp as if she meant them never to be again separated, she exclaimed, in a voice so hollow and so expressive of suffocation that it pierced her hearers to the very heart, "My husband! my beloved!—Oh! help me to save him, good, good men! Forsake him not! Oh! forsake him not!" Overpowered by her sensations, she fainted in my arms.

Zadi flew to summon her female attendants, who in a short time restored their mistress to animation, and he afterwards returned to the apartment in which we were assembled, to inform us of the state of affairs without. His anxious vigilance had induced him to examine every part of the mansion, and ascertain with his own eyes that it was perfectly secure against danger. He now returned out of breath from the balcony, whence he had discovered to his great satisfaction that his view was unimpeded over the whole pavilion. He remarked, that the door and all the windows (as far as the power of vision extended) were closely fastened; and hence he very reasonably concluded that his master had been aware of the enemy's approach in full time to take every necessary precaution for his safety.

"Hear you that, my dear lady?" I exclaimed, while I took Louisa's hand; "surely this intelligence is alone sufficient to restore your strength and tranquillity. We had nothing to apprehend for Seafield, except his being surprised by the monster while unprepared. But you observe that he has had time to shut out the danger: he has now nothing to do but to remain quietly within his retreat, and the snake will either not discover his being so near, or at any rate will be unable to break through the bulwarks which separate them. The whole business, therefore, is a disagreeable blockade for an hour, or perhaps less; at the end of which the anaconda will grow weary of waiting for its prey, and, by retiring to seek it in some other quarter, will release our friend."

The satisfaction with which I thus endeavoured to reassure the agonised heart of Louisa, was thoroughly established in my own. But Zadi, whose own feelings were too much agitated by his master's situation to permit his attending to those of others, hastened with too little consideration to destroy the hope which I so fondly indulged, and with which I strove to soothe the afflicted wife. "Oh! so, no, no!" he exclaimed, "we must not reckon upon the snake's leaving us so soon! When the anaconda has once chosen a group of trees for her abode, and is seen to sport among their branches, in the manner in which we saw her amusing herself, she will remain there for whole days and weeks, watching patiently for her prey, till every chance of success fails her, and absolute famine compels her to emigrate: but her capacity of existing without food is almost inconceivable, and till she removes of her own free will, no human power is able to drive her from her retreat."

"Perhaps you are right, my good Zadi," said I, "but we must do our best to dispossess the animal of its lodgement, and frustrate its intentions. Come along, my friends; let us sally forth with caution, and see what is to be done." Thus saying, I was immediately followed by the male attendants of the household, armed in the best manner that could be effected. Under favour of the thick underwood, we continued to advance, till we were scarcely more than a hundred paces distant from the monster. The huge snake was still employed in twisting itself in a thousand coils among the palm-branches, with such restless activity, with rapidity so inconceivable, that it was frequently impossible for the sight to follow her movements. At one moment she fastened herself by the end of her tail to the very summit of the loftiest tree, and, stretched out at her whole length, swung backwards and forwards like the pendulum of a clock, so that her head almost seemed to graze the earth beneath her; then in another, before the eye was aware of her intention, she totally disappeared among the leafy canopies. Now she appeared, stretched out her body upon the grass, and with elevated head, and high arching neck, described a large or a small circle, as her capricious pleasure prompted.

These latter movements gave us an opportunity to discriminate with more exactness the singular richness and beauty of her tints. The long slender body was covered with a network of glittering scales, girdling it round with rings above rings, and effectually securing it against every attack. Much as I admired the splendour of its garment, not less did I wonder at the enormous size and length of this terrific creature. But the tranquillity of our observations was suddenly disturbed. The animal desisted from her airy gambols, and laid herself down close to the

threshold of the circular pavilion, encompassing it entirely, as if determined to secure her destined victim.

Deeply penetrated with the sense of that danger by which my friend was menaced, I forgot my own, and, seizing my gun, placed it to my shoulder; the ball whistled through the air. I was an excellent marksman, and was certain that I had pointed my piece exactly at the monster's head; and yet, whether too great anxiety made my hand shake, or that the animal at that very moment made some slight change in her attitude, I know not; but it is at least certain, that not the slightest shrinking gave me reason to believe that she felt herself at all injured. On the contrary, she only busied herself in renewing her attempts to gain an entrance through the pavilion's windows; till at length, seemingly wearied with her unavailing efforts, she retired slowly, and concealed herself under the verdant umbrella of the palm-trees. We also had regained our former lurking-place, though we were now more irresolute than ever as to the means most proper to be adopted towards the rescue of my friend.

While we stood thus with our eyes fixed immovably upon the pavilion, we observed the door to be slightly agitated. After a minute, the lock was gently drawn back; slowly, and with the utmost caution, did the door expand about the breadth of half a foot, and out sprang the little Psyche, a beautiful Italian greyhound, Seafield's favourite playfellow and inseparable companion. As if conscious of her danger, she rushed down the hill with her utmost swiftness; but with still greater swiftness did the anaconda, in one monstrous spring, dart rattling down from its airy covert. The poor little animal was seized; we could just hear a short half-suppressed cry, which marked its dying agony.

The distress occasioned in my mind by this sight, in itself so painful and disgusting, was converted into agony by the reflections to which it gave birth, after the first moments of horror and surprise were past. That fact was now confirmed, which till this moment (in order to preserve at least a gleam of comfort, however faint) I had obstinately refused to believe—Seafield then was actually in the pavilion; the discharge of my musket had in all probability made him aware that his friends were at no great distance. No one but he could have unclosed the door so cautiously, in order to leave his little favourite at liberty to quit their common shelter; and Zadi was positive that he had observed a ribbon fastened round the neck of the animal, to which something white appeared to be attached, in form resembling a letter. It was then a message to us! a cry for assistance! a sacred injunction that we should not abandon him in this season of his utmost need! But what course were we to pursue? We discharged a volley from our fire-arms, and a hail of bullets rattled about the head of the gigantic snake—but all was unavailing. Day drew to a close. We returned to the house, there to sustain the drooping spirits of the miserable wife. Night passed away. It was a night of misery, and the dawn of day found us still devising schemes for the liberation of Seafield. At length—strange that such a brilliant idea had not occurred sooner—Zadi proposed, that if we could by any means satiate the appetite of the anaconda with food, his master's life might yet be saved. Happy thought; but, alas, there was not a living animal on the estate—all had been some time before removed to pastures in a distant part of the country. We remembered, however, that upon the adjacent property of Van Derkel, the rich Hollander, we might possibly procure what we wanted. In this our hope was not disappointed, but not a slave would undertake to drive the herd of cattle to the neighbourhood of the spot where the snake had taken up her abode, and I took upon myself the risk of the adventure.

Behold me then driving the herd of beasts before me. We arrived near the group of palm-trees: every thing was hushed and tranquil: not a sound was to be heard, except the noise of the scattered branches, as the heifers trampled them beneath their feet; the anaconda seemed to have disappeared altogether. But, on a sudden, a loud and rattling rush was heard among the palms, and, with a single spring, the snake darted down like a thunder clap, and twisted herself with her whole body round her devoted victim. Before the animal was yet aware of his danger, he already felt his dewlap enclosed between the expanded jaws of the monster. Roaring aloud, he endeavoured to fly, and succeeded in dragging his tormentor a few yards away with him; but instantly she coiled herself round him in three or four wide folds, and drew these knots so close together, that the entangled beast was incapable of moving, and remained as if rooted to the place, already struggling with the terrors and pangs of death. The first noise of this extraordinary contest had been sufficient to put the remaining cattle to flight. Unequal as was the strife, still it was not over instantly. The noble beast wanted not spirit to defend himself, nor was his strength easily exhausted. Now he rolled himself on the ground, and endeavoured to crush the enemy with his weight; now he swelled every nerve, and exerted the power of every muscle to burst the fetters in which his limbs were enveloped; he shook himself violently; he stamped, he bit, he roared, he pawed up the earth, he foamed at the mouth, and then dashed himself on the ground again with convulsive struggles. But, every moment, the anaconda drew her folds tighter and tighter; till, after struggling for a full quarter of an hour, I at length saw the poor animal stretched out at full length, and breathless, totally deprived of motion and of life.

Now, then, I expected to see the anaconda gratify the hunger by which she had so long been tormented; but I was ignorant that it is not the custom of this animal to divide its prey, but to swallow it in one enormous morsel. The size of the murdered ox made this impossible without much preparation; and I now learned, from the snake's proceedings, the necessity which there was for her always remaining in the neighbourhood of some large tree. She again seized the animal, and dragged it to the foot of the stoutest palm. Here she endeavoured to place it upright, leaning against the trunk. Having effected this, she enveloped the tree and the carcass together in one great fold, and continued to draw this

closer, till she had broken every bone in her victim's body, and had reduced it into a shapeless mass of flesh. She was still occupied in this manner, when I hastened back to the mansion-house to rejoice Louisa and Zadi with the assurance of my success.

The roaring of the ox had already prepared the latter for my tidings. He met me at the door, and informed me that the succours which we had thought fit to send for from Colombo were arrived, and that a physician had accompanied them. I immediately requested to see the latter, and commissioned him to impart the good news of Seafield's approaching deliverance to Louisa, with such precautions as might prevent her enfeebled constitution from suffering through excess of joy. On entering the courtyard, I found the whole body of domestics, women and children, as well as men, prepared for the attack with clubs, hatchets, and every sort of weapon which had offered itself to their hands. The party from Colombo were well provided with ammunition, and we now all set joyfully forwards for the hill, though, on approaching it, we judged it as well still to use some little precaution.

I advanced beyond the rest. The anaconda had by this time entirely covered the carcass with her slime, and was in the very act of gorging this monstrous morsel. This task was not accomplished without violent efforts; a full hour elapsed before she had quite finished her dreadful meal; at length the carcass was entirely swallowed, and she stretched herself out at full length in the grass, with her stomach distended to the most astonishing dimensions. Every trace of her former liveliness and activity had disappeared. Her immediate appetite had now yielded her up, impotent and defenceless, a prey even to the least formidable foe.

I hasten to conclude this long and painful tragedy. I discharged my musket at the monster at a moderate distance. This time the ball struck her close by her eye; she felt herself wounded; her body swelled with spite and rage, and every stripe of her variegated skin shone with more brilliant and vivid colours. But as to revenge herself upon her assailant, of that she was now totally incapable. She made one vain attempt to regain her old retreat among the boughs of the palm-trees, but sank down again upon the grass, motionless and helpless. The report of my musket was the signal agreed upon to give notice to the expectant crowd, that they might approach without danger. Every one now rushed towards the snake with loud shouting and clamours of joy. We all at once attacked her, and she soon expired under a thousand blows. But I did not wait to witness this catastrophe. A dearer interest occupied my mind; I hastened with all speed to the pavilion, and knocked loudly at the door, which was fastened within.

"Seafield! my friend!" I exclaimed; "'tis I! 'tis Everard!—Open, open! I bring you life and liberty." A minute passed—another—and still I listened in vain for an answer. Had fatigue overpowered him? Was he asleep, that he answered not? I knocked again; I spoke a second time, and louder; I listened so attentively, that I could have distinguished the humming of a gnat within the pavilion. Was it possible, that, after all, I had come too late?—the thought was distraction! I snatched an axe from one of the slaves, and after a few blows the pavilion door flew open.

I rushed into the room, and looked eagerly round for my friend. I found him; his eyes were closed, his cheeks pale; every feature of his noble countenance so changed, that he was scarcely to be recognised. He lay extended in his arm-chair, and the noise of our entrance seemed to rouse him from a long stupor. He saw me; a faint smile played round his wan lips, while he attempted to stretch out his hand to me, but it sank down again from weakness. "You are safe," I endeavoured to say; but the attempt to repress my gushing tears choked my voice, and the sounds were unintelligible.

"Yes," said he with difficulty, "this is being a friend indeed! But tell me! Louisa—?" "She lives, and expects you," I replied; "come, come, my friend, rouse yourself; make an effort, and shake off this lethargy. Look upon your danger as no more than a frightful dream, and awake to the real happiness which awaits you." "It waits not for me," he answered faintly; "I have received my death-warrant in this chamber. My minutes are counted. Louisa! oh, bear me to Louisa!"

The chamber was hot and close, even to suffocation. We removed him with all speed into the open air, four of the slaves bearing him as he sat in his arm-chair. The purer atmosphere seemed immediately to produce a beneficial effect upon the sufferer; and his strength was still further recruited by a few drops of a cordial with which I had taken care to provide myself, and which I administered with the utmost caution.

On our arrival at the mansion-house, we found that Zadi's attention had already provided every thing which his master could possibly need. His bed was prepared, every kind of refreshment was in readiness, and the physician was waiting to afford his much required assistance. I will not attempt to describe the agonising meeting between Seafield and Louisa, his wife.

It was soon, alas, too evident that Seafield's sufferings in that fatal pavilion had injured his constitution irreparably. With every succeeding day his strength visibly decreased, and the blighted flower bowed itself still nearer to the ground. His malady defied the power of medicine; he seemed to perish away before our eyes, and the physician was at length compelled to acknowledge that all the powers of art were insufficient to sustain any longer Seafield's exhausted frame.

What Louisa and myself endured, while watching his slow but constantly progressive journey to the tomb, no words can utter. He gave Zadi and his three sons their freedom, and made over to him a small estate near Colombo, fully sufficient to secure the comfort of the good old man for the remainder of his existence. The last moments of this unfortunate gentleman at length arrived. He breathed his latest sigh on the bosom of his inconsolable wife. I witnessed the unspeakable composure of her affliction. I chose for Seafield's sepulchre the place which he had always loved best; the fatal pavilion. Zadi and myself laid our friend in the earth; we should have

thought his coffin profaned, had we suffered any other hands to touch it. Seafield and his sufferings slept in the grave—his less fortunate friends still lived to lament him.

My benefactor had left his property jointly to Louisa and myself. Alas, the bereaved Louisa was already regardless of all earthly treasures. In vain did she forbid her lips to confess the progress which grief made in her constitution; her emaciated form sufficiently betrayed it. A few melancholy weeks elapsed from the death of my friend, and she sank beneath the blow she had received. She was deposited in the same grave with her husband. For myself, I was unable to sustain the weight of grief imposed upon me by this second calamity, and a long and dangerous illness was the consequence of my mental sufferings.

The skill of my physician saved my life; and no sooner was I able to quit the house, than I resolved to withdraw from a land rendered hateful to me by such bitter recollections. In consequence of Louisa's decease, the whole of Seafield's property, by his will, devolved to me. I endeavoured to prevail on Zadi to accept some part of it, but he declared that his master's liberality had gone beyond his utmost wishes.

You are now informed (continued Everard, after a moment's pause, addressing himself to the whole society, you are now informed by what means I acquired my fortune. It was the gift of gratitude; but never can I recollect the dreadful service which I rendered Seafield (and, alas, which I rendered him in vain), without feeling my frame convulsed with horror, and my mind tortured by the most painful recollections.

Everard was silent: so were all around him. It had been reported that he had obtained wealth in India by improper means, and his narrative was therefore pleasing to the friends who had listened to him. But in the little party no one experienced such feelings of delight as the amiable Jessy, whose tender heart had been deeply affected with the tale of her lover's conduct. Her father at length mustered up his courage, and broke through this embarrassing silence.

"My dear good Everard," said he, "I know not how to excuse my friends for telling me so many slanders of you, nor myself for having been credulous enough to believe them. In truth, there is but one person in the room whose lips are worthy to convey to you our apology—there, then, let them make it;" and with these words he placed the hand of the blushing Jessy in that of the willing Everard. And the latter acknowledged, while he pressed her to his bosom as his bride, that the apology was not only sufficient, but a reward in full for the sufferings which he had experienced through the vicissitudes of his whole past life.

A FEW HINTS ABOUT NEWSPAPERS.

EXTRAORDINARY as are the efforts which are made in this country by the newspaper press to report important matters of public intelligence, and various as are the characters and objects of the different journals, we venture to suggest that something might still be done to produce a newspaper which should surpass the majority of existing sheets in point of general appreciation. The fundamental error, as we take it, of our present papers, is too great a devotion to merely local matters. A large share of local intelligence, or the lengthy discussion of local topics, is appropriate enough in provincial papers, but not in those metropolitan or general newspapers, which are expected to contain a good deal in the form of *universal* news. We lately took up a London weekly newspaper, and found that three-fourths of it were made up of reports from police-offices and courts of law, and criticisms on the theatres—the three great standing topics of the London press, about which not one man in a hundred in the country, or in Scotland, cares a single farthing. On the other hand, when we take up an Edinburgh paper, we find the bulk of it occupied with distressingly long speeches, long letters of correspondents, and long editorial articles, on local or general ecclesiastical affairs. As far as papers are wanted by a class of people, whose thoughts by day and dreams by night are fixed on a little spot of earth covered with a few streets, these modes of getting up newspapers are all very well, and we have no wish to disturb them. By all means let those who wish to read of little else than police, law, and theatrical intelligence, have the object of their wish, and, in the same manner, let the individual who is fond of polemical squabbles have the object of his wish. We quarrel with no man's hobby. All that we propose, is, a newspaper for those who desire to have news from all parts of the globe—who are not very solicitous about local brawls, or local public entertainments—and whose minds are not perpetually fixed on the mere doings of the little great men in their neighbourhood. We think that a capital weekly or twice-a-weekly London or Edinburgh newspaper might be got up on the following plan:—

It should set out on the principle of being to all intents and purposes a *newspaper*—a sheet containing news from all those countries in which the people of Great Britain have reason to feel interested. The foreign country in which the most instructive movements are now taking place, for the advancement of social interests, is North America. The wonderful

efforts making in the United States, as respects the establishment of railways, canals, educational institutions, philanthropic associations, also in the cause of literature, science, commerce, and the arts, would alone furnish interesting and acceptable intelligence to the extent of a couple of columns weekly. For want of this kind of intelligence, we are very much in the dark as to American enterprise. We are told by those who have pondered on the subject, that in a quarter of a century or thereabouts, we shall be superseded or greatly overcrowded by this rising nation of British across the Atlantic, and yet we go on from day to day without knowing what they are about, or how we should compete with them. Let us, therefore, we say, have regular sound intelligence from the United States; also, accounts of the progress of affairs in the adjacent colonies. We sometimes see papers from the Canadas and Nova Scotia, and they contain many interesting paragraphs. At Halifax, it appears, they are going on famously with mechanics' institutions, and such like associations, in which there are some good speakers sprung from the old Scottish and English stocks. Now, these are matters which it is pleasing to hear about; yet not a word is there ever said about them in our home papers. We often wish it were not against the law for us to speak about them in our Journal, otherwise we should certainly do so, because there are thousands of our readers who would like exceedingly to see how their brothers, and uncles, and cousins, and other relations and acquaintances in America, are figuring as public speakers.

Then, there is another excellent source of intelligence in that second great plantation of British, the Australian colonies. To be sure, there is rather too much of police matters, for our taste, in the New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land papers; nevertheless, we never see copies of these prints but we find some interesting paragraphs in them; some about exploratory expeditions into the interior, some about newly-set-up schools, some about how the natives are behaving, some about the value of stock, and the prospects of the farmers, and, what is still more gratifying, occasionally tolerably clever literary articles. In one of these papers we lately saw an article referring to the fitting out of a spirited private adventure to explore the ocean towards the south pole, not the smallest notice of which, as far as we know, ever appeared in a British newspaper. One of the most interesting papers published in any part of Australia, is one begun a year or two ago, called the Colonist. It is published at Sydney, and appears to be skillfully conducted. From this paper alone, a regular flow of news from the antipodes might easily be procured—news which could not fail to be read with interest by all classes of our countrymen.

The next sources of news ought to be the East and West Indies; and next, the other and smaller dependencies of Britain. After these, follows continental Europe. France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Russia, Turkey, and Greece, each possesses newspapers and journals which would afford many excellent scraps, altogether independent of political events. We occasionally see some interesting translations from Greek newspapers in the Scotsman, and hardly any kind of news is more acceptable. To hear of the erection of schools and printing-presses, of the establishment of banks and literary and scientific associations, of the setting up of omnibuses, book-shops, and hotels, in Athens—the Athens so long a hopeless ruin in the hands of lazy, barbarous, pipe-smoking Turks—is really something worth while. Here, then, to an active editor, is a glorious source of intelligence. Of Constantinople, too, not a little might be made. Several newspapers are now established there on a most liberal footing. They are printed one-half in French, or some other readable tongue, and a few curious scraps of news might very well be sifted out of them. Proceeding across the Mediterranean to the African continent, we there find one or two Egyptian papers established under the auspices of Mohammed Ali—a prince who is the prince of monopolists, the beau-ideal of tax-gatherers, and many other things very bad besides, yet who has done some good things in the main for Egypt, and is a droll sort of wretch with all his vices. To hear how his cotton-mills, his police regulations, his schools of medicine, his canals, and his appropriations of mosque property, are going on, would be worth a cartload of dubious intelligence respecting the battlings of the Peninsula.

Such, then, would be the fund of foreign intelligence to which a third of the projected paper, less or more according to circumstances, might be devoted. The chief object being amusement with instruction, the larger share of the matter should consist of notices of events entirely unconnected with court movements,

fighting, and the gabble of diplomacy. Let it not be supposed that there would be a poverty of such matter; there is abundance at all times; but it remains unselected by the translators and collectors of news. Perhaps these gentlemen think that nobody would care about it, and so they let it pass. There are, thus, many things of a most interesting nature, left unquarried from the mines of foreign news. A few weeks ago, for instance, we translated from the French newspapers, an account of the inhumation of a man called Dufavel, in a well which he was sinking near Lyons, and gave it in our Journal, after it was dead and gone as a matter of news. This occurrence excited a great deal of interest in France; it was a topic of discussion for weeks; the progress made in the attempt to rescue the poor fellow, was reported daily by all the papers of Paris and other places; the affair was even dramatised; yet no notice, as far as we are aware, was taken of the event in this country, any more than if it had occurred in the moon, from which a mail has not yet commenced running. Now, we venture to say that thousands of people among us would have reckoned Dufavel's adventure an infinitely more amusing thing than the best speech ever delivered by either Thiers or Guizot from the tribune.

The discoveries and experimental labours of the leading men of science in France and Germany alone, of which we only now and then get a glimpse through the medium of our larger periodicals, would furnish materials for almost a whole newspaper weekly. Of the scientific or literary efforts of the Italians, we are afraid, little could be said of an instructive nature. But, then, to make amends for this, we might get a few laughable quotations from the periodical published by direction of the Duke of Modena, in which articles appear for the express purpose of proving that all science is nonsense; that what Galileo, Copernicus, and Newton, said about the earth moving round the sun, is a gross absurdity, for every body *knows* and *feels* that the earth is perfectly firm and at rest—in short, that the world is a large trencher fixed somehow in the air, and not a globe, or anything like it. Now, surely, some capital fun might be got out of this advocate of a retrograde march into barbarism. If the duke and his writers will make themselves buffoons to the rest of Europe, do not let us deprive them of their deserts—our laughter.

So much for the stuff of which the second part of the paper should be composed. The remainder would, of course, consist of home news, that is, a careful digest of all the most interesting occurrences in the British islands, from Shetland in the north, to Jersey in the south. We have frequently felt surprised at the little notice which the papers of one part of the United Kingdom take of occurrences in another part. It is very seldom that we observe a single paragraph in an English journal regarding what is taking place in Scotland. The unfortunate dissensions now agitating society in this northern part of the empire, are not so much as heard of in the south; and the doings in the south—always bating political movements—are about as little heard of in the north.* We should wish to see on all sides an infinitely wider choice of materials. Whatever lifts men's minds from the continued contemplation of themselves and their affairs, and teaches them to extend their mental vision over other realms and districts, must tend—to use a phrase of Johnson—to advance them in the scale of being. It is, indeed, only by this means that all mankind are to be united into brotherhood, and made to abandon their ignorant prejudices against each other's habits and sentiments. Without losing sight of local intelligence, therefore, or of a judicious consideration of the leading events of the day, we would give such a digest of domestic occurrences, in all departments, that when a man sat down at his fireside with the paper in his hand, stirred the fire, and made up his mind to be comfortable, he should in no respect be disappointed with the banquet of printed matter prepared for his solacement, but, before he rose, be made fully acquainted with what his fellow-creatures were doing in every civilised corner of the earth.

And what room would you afford for advertisements? we think we hear some one saying. No room whatever: We should not allow a single line of that kind of material to intrude itself. Advertisements are mere shop-bills strung together in an uniform type, and we would on no account suggest that readers should pay for these announcements. We are aware that this is a novel view—but we cannot help it. We feel assured that many newspapers now existing would rise prodigiously in circulation, if divested of the shop-bills which fill their columns. It has long been our opinion that papers devoted to advertisements should be paid for entirely by those who are to benefit by the announcements; in other words, that all such papers should be handed in at people's doors for nothing, not sold.† Perhaps this plan might not work well in the country towns, but to these our observations do not apply. We are speaking of papers for large seats of population. The paper, such as we suggest, should be paid for only by the purchaser, and the price of each publication be no more than threepence. How a tolerably large sized print could be made to pay at

* It is but justice to say, that the Courier and Spectator notices events occurring in Scotland; and that all the Scottish newspapers are not addicted to lengthy articles.

† A paper conducted on this plan, and consisting entirely of advertisements, has been established for some years in Edinburgh, and has proved a most successful speculation.

that rate, may appear to many a species of mystery; yet we cannot see any difficulty, provided the work appealed to a large mass of readers. If conducted in the manner we have pointed out, we should anticipate a circulation of about a hundred thousand copies—perhaps it might reach even two hundred thousand, if emanating from London, which, as the seat of a large population, and of one of the most important governments in the world, would be a very fair field for the first trial of the experiment.

We have now, at much greater length than we originally contemplated, thrown out a few rambling hints for the establishment of one or more newspapers upon a new and improved plan, and which, instead of injuring, would, from the quantity of quotable matter they would contain, considerably advance the interests of existing works all over the country. We feel so assured of the success of such an undertaking, that, if we were not ourselves thoroughly wedded, as we hope, to literary pursuits, both as respects the present Journal and our series of educational works, we should certainly engage in it. Our hints are, therefore, given with the view of pointing out to others a plain open path to fortune—of showing, how, even in these days of exhausted discovery, there is something still to do, alike calculated for private emolument and public advantage.

THE LATE MR M'ADAM.

JOHN LOUDOUN M'ADAM was the representative of an old and respectable landed family—the M'Adams of Waterhead, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. Like the Griersons of Lag, and several other families in the south-west province of Scotland, the M'Adams of Waterhead are descended from a member of the clan Gregor. Adam M'Gregor, the founder of the family, purchased Waterhead in the sixteenth century—it is said from Lord Darnley. Under a reference to his Christian name, his son assumed the name M'Adam, which the family ever afterwards bore. James M'Adam, the sixteenth in lineal descent from Adam M'Gregor, and the father of the subject of this notice, was the last of the elder branch of the family that possessed the ancient patrimony. He married Susannah Cochrane, a granddaughter of the celebrated patriot Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree, and, accordingly, niece to the heroic Grizel Cochrane. By this marriage there were eleven daughters, and two sons, of whom John Loudoun was the second.

Mr M'Adam was born, September 21, 1756, in the town of Ayr: by the death of his elder brother, he became, in infancy, the only son of his father, and entitled to inherit the distinction—considered in Scotland, in such cases, a matter of some consequence—of being the representative of the family, and chief man of his name. In consequence of the destruction, by fire, of a house which he had built for his residence at Lagwyne, in the moorland parish of Carsphairn, his father removed, about this time, to Blairquhan, in Ayrshire, which he rented from Sir John Whiteford. The family estate was now sold to the Earl of Stair, from whom it was afterwards purchased by a junior branch of the M'Adam family, who still possesses it. Mr M'Adam received his education at the school of Maybole, under a teacher named Doick, who possessed considerable local reputation. On the death of his father in 1770, when he was only fourteen years of age, he was sent to New York, where his uncle William, a younger brother of his father, had been settled for some years as a merchant. Here he remained fourteen years, during which the war of independence took place. Under the protection of the British forces, who possessed the city, he realised a considerable fortune, as an agent for the sale of prizes. At the conclusion of the war, he returned, with the loss of nearly the whole of his property, to his native country, and resided for some time at Dumcreeff, a beautiful place in the neighbourhood of Moffat, subsequently the seat of Dr Currie, the biographer of Burns. He afterwards lived for thirteen years at Sauchie in Ayrshire, where he was in the commission of the peace and a deputy lieutenant. During this period, he enjoyed the society of his first wife—a lady named Nichol, whom he had married at New York, and who brought him three sons and three daughters, most of whom survive him. He married, secondly, in 1827, Miss de Lancey, who survives him, but has no family.

In the year 1798, Mr M'Adam received the government appointment of agent for victualling the navy in the western parts of Great Britain, and accordingly removed to Falmouth. He subsequently resided for many years at Bristol, and latterly at Hoddesdon in Hertfordshire. It was while acting as one of the trustees upon certain roads in Ayrshire, that he first turned his attention seriously to the mechanical principles involved in that branch of national economy. While engaged in England in duties of an entirely different kind, he continued silently to study the process of road-making in all its details, keeping particularly in view the great desiderata of a compact and durable substance and a

smooth surface. By the exertions of various able engineers, who had turned their attention to road-making, the highways of Great Britain were already in the course of a rapid improvement; but Mr M'Adam was the first to point out and prove, in practical operation, that a bed, of a few inches in depth, formed of fragments of primitive rock—granite, greenstone, or basalt—small enough to pass through a ring not larger than two inches and a half in diameter, was the best material for ordinary roads. His system, in its leading features, is so conspicuously displayed in the public eye, that any minute account of it would be superfluous. It was not till 1815, when on the borders of sixty, that he began to devote his whole mind to the business of road-making. Being then appointed surveyor-general of the Bristol roads, he had at length full opportunities of exemplifying his system, which he forthwith proceeded to do in a manner that attracted general attention, and caused it to be quickly followed throughout the whole kingdom. In 1825, Mr M'Adam was examined before a committee of the House of Commons respecting the propriety of converting the rubble granite causeway of the principal thoroughfares, into a smooth pavement resembling those which he had already formed on the principal roads. He expressed himself as decidedly of opinion that such a change should be made: "I consider," said he, "that the expenses would be materially reduced; the convenience of passing over the surface would be generally facilitated, particularly in the leading streets; and the same weight of stone, now put upon those streets as pavement, would be obtained at infinitely less expense, in a different form, for the purpose of road-making." The consequence was, that, in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, some of the principal lines of street, which had previously been remarkable for solidity of pavement, as well as the large sums that pavement had cost, were—to use a phrase already familiar to every ear—*Macedonised*.

In introducing this improvement into British roads, Mr M'Adam had spent several thousand pounds from his own resources. In 1825, he proved this expenditure before a committee of the House of Commons, when an equivalent sum was voted to him, besides an honorary tribute of two thousand pounds, in consideration of the public benefits resulting from his labours. The inadequacy of this remuneration is very striking; and it is impossible to avoid contrasting it, in some bitterness of spirit, with the *ratio* in which services of other and less beneficial kinds are usually acknowledged. Many a lieutenant, in being promoted to a captaincy for some little display of personal bravery, has reaped nearly as valuable a reward as that bestowed upon Mr M'Adam for bringing into operation a mechanical improvement, the consequences of which, in saving animal labour, facilitating commercial intercourse, and rendering travelling easy, quiet, and pleasant, are beyond all calculation. Though the remuneration was thus small, and never, as we have been informed, fully paid, Mr M'Adam would have been the last to complain of it. He never made money an object, but, on the contrary, rejected on principle many opportunities of gathering wealth, which his office as a superintendent opened up to him, and which many men of by no means blunt feelings as to professional propriety would have taken advantage of. He therefore died a poor, but, as he frequently expressed himself, "at least an honest man." Mr M'Adam's decease took place, November 26, 1836, at Moffat. He was in the 81st year of his age.

Mr M'Adam was as eminent in private life for his amiable and upright character, as, in the world, for that sagacity and application which became the source of such important benefits to his fellow-creatures. He was exemplary in the discharge of every relative and social duty—a good husband—a good father—a steadfast and generous friend. Sincerely, though unostentatiously pious, and entirely devoid of selfish feelings, he was the charm of the private circle, by his gentle and polished manners, and the ease and promptitude with which he imparted the stores of a powerful and well-informed mind.

A COURT FOOL.

THIBAUT, in his amusing and interesting *Anecdotes of the Court of Frederick the Great of Prussia*, mentions some facts respecting an individual attached to the household of the queen-dowager, which, were they not sanctioned by so respectable an authority, would be rejected as impossible. He states that this personage, who filled the post of a sort of head-usher or lord-in-waiting, was so marvellously stupid as to be the standing joke of the court, and had innumerable tricks played upon him. When the Earl of Essex, in the course of his travels, visited Berlin, he was presented to the queen-dowager, and the irreflexive lord-in-waiting was instructed by some court wittling that it would be proper to announce his lordship as "not the Earl of Essex who was beheaded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth," which was accordingly declared in due form, to the great amusement of the whole assemblage. On another occasion, the capacity of this unfortunate person was tried after a different style. Having asked an acquaintance possessed of a library for the loan of a book, a particular work was put into his hands, which he returned after a season. After a short interval, he again begged the favour of having a book to read, and the same work was handed to him as he had previously perused. Upon his returning it, he made no remark; but having once more required the gratification of reading, a third time he carried off the identical vo-

lume. Upon his bringing it back, and placing it without remark in the hands of the owner, the latter asked him what he thought of the author. "I like his book very well," replied he; "but I think I have seen some of it before."

THE HOUSELESS POOR.

In all large towns, there is a certain part of the population in a state of utter destitution. They have no home, no food, no money, no character, and no credit. They have a few rags hung about their person—that is all. Any pence they pick up by begging or stealing are generally spent upon spirituous fluids. Occasionally, they are able to pay a trifle for lodging during the night. At other times, they sleep in stable-yards, cellars, police offices, or any other open place into which they can intrude themselves for shelter from the inclemency of the atmosphere. Of course, the greater part of this kind of destitution is produced by bad behaviour—sheer abandonment to profligacy. But that is of no moment in the present inquiry. Our object is to tell that it exists; to point out how something might be done for the miserable beings who are so circumstanced, and perhaps prevent the commission of crime, as well as save some lives from perishing by downright starvation. Dire and habitual necessity is the cause of a considerable share of the crimes which are committed; and if this necessity can be assuaged, we may hope to see a lighter police calendar. We need not stop to combat the idle but well-meant idea, that these people ought to work, and by that means support themselves. You might just as well tell the inmates of Bedlam to be reasonable, as preach to these far-gone wretches. They have lost the sense of right and wrong—granting they ever had such a sense—and there the matter must rest.

Recently, a good deal has been done for the destitute poor of cities, by institutions called Houses of Refuge. Still there is much to be done. Either in connection with these establishments, or as separate institutions, there must be receptacles for the nightly shelter of the houseless—places where the most wretched of the wretched might have a mouthful of the plainest food to prevent starvation, and a pallet of straw, with a roof over head to avert the inclemency of the weather. The benefit to society from establishments of this nature would be incalculable. Much crime might be saved—many lives might be spared for repentance. It is years since we thought that a house of nightly shelter would be of much use in Edinburgh; and we now recur to the subject, with the hope of bringing the matter under the eye of some of those wealthy individuals who are desirous of bequeathing money for charitable purposes. We learn from a late number of the *Spectator* newspaper, that an institution of the description we allude to has been for some time in operation in London, where it has been of the greatest possible use, though only opened during the winter. Only one institution, however, for such a world of human beings as London, is ridiculous. A dozen would be necessary in order to meet the exigencies of so vast a population; at least, something of the kind should be attached to every police station, or every parish workhouse. The following is an extract from the *Spectator's* account of the establishment in question, and we leave it to work its way on the understandings of the wealthy benovolent. It is gratifying to see that the institution is useful in saving others besides the abandoned vicious.

"Impressed with a sense of the utility of the Institution for Affording Nightly Shelter to the Houseless and Destitute, and desirous of ascertaining the management of the institution, and the working of the system, we found our way the other evening to Playhouse Yard, Whitecross Street, St Luke's, where the Refuge is situated. We were politely furnished with every information, and admitted to see the charity in operation by the acting superintendent, Mr Sord. It was a sight not soon to be forgotten, nor to be viewed lightly: it may not be out of place to describe the scene. On entering a closed gateway, we found ourselves amongst a group of miserable objects, standing upon the straw waiting their turn for admission, to whom even that poor shelter seemed relief. One by one they appeared at the wicket of the office, to answer to the questions put to them: their name, age, parish, means of livelihood, cause of their destitution, and last place of lodging. These particulars are entered in a book, against a number by which the individual may be traced on a future occasion; and a half-pound ration of bread being given to the applicant, and in some cases a ticket of readmission, he or she is, after a cursory examination by the medical officer in attendance, admitted to the asylum for the night: a similar ration is also served out in the morning to each. The building is a large warehouse of three stories, warmed by stoves, and lighted with gas, and divided into wards: it is capable of giving shelter to five hundred persons; but this season it has never received more than four hundred inmates on one night. The place was not so full on this evening as it has been, so that only two floors are occupied; the ground floor being filled with men and boys, and the upper one with women and children. The poor creatures are ranged along the wards; the men in three rows, the women in two; one row on each side: and the only accommodation consisted in a plentiful litter of clean straw, which is changed twice a week. All was quiet and orderly, except that the women were very talkative. The invalids have a separate ward, and are allowed a mess of warm gruel, with some simple medicine if required; but no person with an infectious or contagious disorder, or unlikely to be able to depart in the morning, is admitted. The doors are opened at five in the evening, and closed at eight in the morning; and every day the place is well cleaned, aired, and fumigated, and sprinkled with chloride of lime. Any one who applies for the first time is admitted at any hour of the night; but all who have been before, are expected to come afterwards between five and eight in the evening. Care is taken, as far as possible, to prevent the place being made a nightly harbour for improper characters; but it is very rare that any

one is refused admittance. Admission is the rule, refusal the exception. The state of destitution must be extreme to which bread and water, and a roof and straw, are a welcome relief; yet how many may even this, timely afforded, have saved from perishing!

The appearance of the poor creatures was miserable indeed; pallid faces and wasted forms, clad in rags, yet mostly clean, and many intelligent. There was a larger proportion of boys and young men than of the old and feeble; here and there a mechanic out of employ presented himself for temporary shelter; men on their way in search of employment; women to join their husbands. One would be voluble in telling a tale of distress; others would make the more pathetic appeal of silent and suppressed sorrow, with a blush of shame or humiliation at their situation. The tone in which they were addressed was modified by the interpretation which Mr Sord, skilful in the physiognomy of distress, put upon the looks and statement of each; but all were given to understand that relief was freely afforded to whomsoever really needed it; and while each was exhorted to seek for employment or apply to their parish, as the case might be, all were admitted, and promise of shelter given on future occasions—the present object being but to preserve life and to take away the temptation to crime, which utter want suggests. Thus many are kept out of the streets who might otherwise be dangerous to society.

One case refused—a solitary exception—was pitiable: it was that of an elderly man, too ill to be admitted; and though he had a shilling given him to get a lodging elsewhere, it seemed hard that the very cause that made his need more urgent should disentitle him. The rule is a useful one; but it suggests the want of an infirmary for the friendless and destitute who are poverty-sick. When people drop down dead in the streets from sheer exhaustion, as one poor man did on his way to the relieving officer of the parish for an order for medical aid, it shows that the forms of parochial relief are too tedious for such pressing emergencies; especially as those who are really worthy of aid are the very persons most likely to suffer themselves to be driven to this extremity. In cases of accidental injury, the doors of our hospitals are open to all without exception: why not those of workhouses, where life is in imminent danger for want of the means to sustain it? The pangs of hunger are as bitter as the pain of a broken limb, and the consequences more frightful.

Our object in calling public attention to the Refuge for the Houseless Poor is not merely to benefit this one institution, but to suggest the establishment of others in different quarters of the town; not limited, as this is, to the severe part of the winter, but to be open all the year round. Other lodging-places, under parochial management, where the homeless poor might find a wholesome bed for a small sum—less than they are made to pay for the filthy flock-bed and blanket in cold damp cellars or over-crowded tenements, where disease is generated in the air—would be the means not only of preserving the public health, but the public morals also. At any rate, when sleeping in the open air is punished as a crime, some shelter should be provided for the houseless. In the country, the 'trampers,' as they are called, are pretty sure to find some charitable farmer who will suffer them to turn into an empty barn or hovel, and give them some clean straw to lie on, and perhaps some bread and skim-milk to boot; but in great towns and manufacturing districts, such accommodations are fewer, while those who need them are more numerous, and the danger of bad company is greater. If every city had its house of nightly refuge for the destitute, the jails would be less crowded. The workhouses, under the new system of poor-laws, might surely afford this temporary shelter without increasing the poor-rate."

CLASSICAL LEARNING.

[In a work entitled "Dissolles from the Brunens of Nassau," which is chiefly devoted to information on the subject of German Watering Places, we find the following clever strictures on Classical Learning.]

THE sons of all our noblest families, and of the most estimable people in the country, are, after certain preparations, eventually sent to those slaughter-houses of the understanding, our public schools, where, weaned from the charms of the living world, they are nailed to the study of two dead languages—like galleys slaves, they are chained to these oars, and are actually flogged if they neglect to labour. Instead of imbibing knowledge suited to their youthful age, they are made to learn the names of Actæon's hounds—to study the life of Alexander's horse—to know the fate of Alcibiades's dog; in short, it is too well known that Dr Lempriere made L.3000 a-year by the sale of a dictionary, in which he had amassed, 'for the use of schools,' tales and rubbish of this description. The poor boy at last 'gets,' as it is termed, 'into Ovid,' where he is made to study every thing which human ingenuity could invent to sully, degrade, and ruin the mind of a young person. The Almighty Creator of the universe is caricatured by a set of grotesque personages termed gods and goddesses, so grossly sensual, so immoderately licentious, that were they to-day to appear in London, before sunset they would probably be every one of them where they ought to be—at the tread-mill. The poor boy, however, must pore over all their amours, natural and unnatural; he must learn by heart the birth, parentage, and education of each, with the biography of their numerous offspring, earthly as well as unearthly. He must study love letters from the heavens to the earth, and metamorphoses which have almost all some low, impure object. The only geography he learns is 'the world known to the ancients.' Although a member of the first maritime nation on the globe, he learns no nautical science but that possessed by people who scarcely dared to leave their shores; all his knowledge of military

life is that childish picture of it which might fairly be entitled 'war without gunpowder.' But even the little which on these subjects he does learn, is so mixed up with fable, that his mind gets puzzled and debilitated to such a degree, that he becomes actually unable to distinguish truth from falsehood; and when he reads that Hannibal melted the Alps with vinegar, he does not know whether it really be true or not.

In this degraded state, with the energy and curiosity of their young minds blunted—actually nauseating the intellectual food which they had once so naturally desired, a whole batch of boys at the age of about fourteen² are released from their schools to go on board men-of-war, where they are to strive to become the heroes of their day. They sail from their country ignorant of almost every thing that has happened to it since the days of the Romans; having been obliged to look upon all the phenomena of nature, as well as the mysteries of art, without explanation, their curiosity for information on such subjects has subsided. They lean against the capstan, but know nothing of its power—they are surrounded by mechanical contrivances of every sort, but understand them no more than they do the stars in the firmament. They steer from one country to another, ignorant of the customs, manners, prejudices, or languages of any; they know nothing of the effect of climate—it requires almost a fever to drive them from the sun; in fact, they possess no practical knowledge. The first lesson they learn from adversity is their own guiltless ignorance; and no sooner are they in real danger, than they discover how ill spent has been the time they have devoted to the religion of the heathen—how vain it is in affliction to pater over the names of Actæon and his hounds!

That, in spite of all these disadvantages, a set of high-bred, noble-spirited young men eventually become, as they really do, an honour to their country, is no proof that their early education has not done all in its power to prevent them. But, to return to those we left at our public schools.

As these boys rise, they become, as we all know, more and more conversant in the dead languages, until the fatal period arrives, when, proudly laden with these two panniers, they proceed to one of our universities. Arriving, for instance, at Oxford, they find a splendid high street, magnificently illuminated with gas, filled with handsome shops, traversed by the mail, macadamised, and, like every other part of our great commercial country, beaming with modern intelligence. In this street, however, they are not permitted to reside, but, conducted to the right and left, they meander among mouldering monastic-looking buildings, until they reach the cloisters of the particular college to which they are sentenced to belong. By an ill-judged misnomer, they are from this moment encouraged, even by their preceptors, to call each other *men*; and a *man* of seventeen, 'too tall for school,' talks of another *man* of eighteen, as gravely as I always mention the name of my prototype Methusalem. What their studies are, will sufficiently appear from what is required of them, when they come before the public as candidates for their degrees. At this examination, which is to give them, throughout their country, the rank of finished scholars, these self-entitled *men* are gravely examined first of all in divinity—and then, as if in scorn of it, almost in the same breath, they descend about the god of this vice, and the god of that; in short, they are obliged to translate any two heathen authors in Latin, and any other two in Greek, they themselves may select. They are next examined in Aristotle's moral philosophy, and their examination, like their education, being now concluded, their minds being now decreed to be brim-full, they are launched into their respective grades of society as accomplished, polished men, who have reaped the inestimable advantages of a good classical education. But it is not these gentlemen that I presume to ridicule; on the contrary, I firmly believe that the 1500 students, who at one time are generally at Oxford, are as high-minded, as highly talented, as anxious to improve themselves, as handsome, and, in every sense of the word, as fine a set of lads as can anywhere be met with in a body on the face of the globe. I also know that all our most estimable characters, all the most enlightened men our country has ever produced, have, generally speaking, been members of one of our universities; but, in spite of all this, will any reasonable being seriously maintain that the workmanship has been equal to the materials? I mean, that their education has been equal to themselves?

Let any one weigh what they have not learnt against what they have, and he will find that the difference is exactly that which exists between creation itself and a satchel of musty books. I own they are skillfully conversant in the latter; I own that they have even deserved prizes for having made verses in imitation of Sappho—odes in imitation of Horace—epigrams after the model of the Anthologia, as well as after the mode of Martial; but what has the university taught them of the former? Has it even informed

them of the discovery of America? Has it given them the power of conversing with the peasant of any one nation in Europe? Has it explained to them any one of the wonderful works of creation? Has it taught them a single invention of art? Has it shown the young landed proprietor how to measure the smallest field on his estate? Has it taught him even the first rudiments of economy? Has it explained to him the principle of a common pump? Has it fitted him in any way to stand in that distinguished situation which by birth and fortune he is honestly entitled to hold? Has it given him any agricultural information, any commercial knowledge, any acquaintance with mankind, or with business of any sort or kind; and, lastly, has it made him modestly sensible of his own ignorance?—or has it, on the contrary, done all in its power to make him feel not only perfectly satisfied with his own acquirements, but contempt for those whose minds are only filled with plain useful knowledge?

SANDY WOOD.

SEVEN parts or numbers of that exceedingly amusing miscellany, "Kay's Portraits and Caricatures," have now appeared, and the work does not seem by any means to decrease in interest as it proceeds. The following sketch of the character of Dr Alexander Wood, better known in Edinburgh by the plain appellation of Sandy Wood, occurs in the last published part:—

"The pencil of Kay has done justice to the memory of this eminent surgeon and very excellent man, by the production of two striking portraits of him. The one here prefixed possesses the real octogenarian demeanour of the 'kind old Sandy Wood,' a tall old gentleman, in a cocked hat, wig, and queue, who is represented as passing along the North Bridge with an umbrella under his arm, in allusion to the circumstance of his having been the first person in Edinburgh who made use of that very convenient article—now so common.

Mr Wood's father was the youngest son of Mr Wood of Warriston, in Mid-Lothian. He long possessed a house and grounds situated immediately to the north of Queen Street, rented from the town of Edinburgh, where Mr Wood was born, in the year 1725.

Mr Wood completed his medical education in Edinburgh; and having taken out his diploma, he established himself at Musselburgh, where he practised successfully for some time. He then removed to Edinburgh, became a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, and entered into a copartnership with Messrs Rattray and Congalton, men of eminence in their day, and to whose practice he subsequently succeeded.

Being gifted with strong natural talents, great tact, and an activity of mind and person rarely surpassed, and possessing a perfect simplicity and openness of character, with a singularly benevolent disposition and peculiar tenderness of heart, Mr Wood soon rose to high professional celebrity.

Not long after connecting himself with Messrs Rattray and Congalton, he married Miss Veronica Chalmers, second daughter of George Chalmers, Esq. W.S., an individual of great worth and respectability. In reference to this connection, a very pleasing anecdote is told. Mr Wood, on obtaining the consent of the lady, having proposed himself to Mr Chalmers as his son-in-law, that gentleman addressed him thus:—'Sandy, I have not the smallest objection to you—but I myself am not rich, and should, therefore, like to know how you are to support a wife and family.' Mr Wood put his hand into his pocket, drew out his lancet-case, and said, 'I have nothing but this, sir, and a determination to use my best endeavours to succeed in my profession.' His future father-in-law was so struck with this straightforward and honest reply, that he immediately exclaimed, 'Vera is yours!'

Notwithstanding a certain bluntness and decision of manner, which was liable to be occasionally misunderstood, and which gave rise to some curious scenes and incidents in the course of his professional practice, Mr Wood's philanthropy and kindness were proverbial; and his unremitting attention to the distresses of the indigent sick, whom he continued to visit, in their wretched dwellings, after he had given up general practice, was a noble trait in his character. What has been said of the illustrious Boerhaave may be equally applied to him—that 'he considered the poor as his best patients, and that he never neglected them.' To his other qualities he added an enthusiastic warmth and steadiness in his friendships, with a total freedom from selfishness—and in his social relations, that kind and playful manner, which softened asperities, and rendered available all the best sympathies and affections of which human nature is susceptible; and being of a most convivial disposition, his company was courted by all ranks. In fact, few men have ever been so universally beloved as Mr Wood, and proportionally numerous are the testimonies to his worth.

During the long course of his useful career, he enjoyed the unanimous good will and approbation of his brethren, who, without any jealous feelings, allowed him the palm of superiority he deservedly merited—a tribute due not only to the soundness of his practical knowledge, and the dexterity of his skill in operating

(which tended much to raise the reputation of the surgical department of the Royal Infirmary), but to his personal character.

In a fragment of a fifth Canto of 'Childe Harold,' which appeared in 'Blackwood's Magazine' for May 1818, he is thus alluded to:—

Oh! for an hour of him who knew no feud—

The octogenarian chief, the kind old Sandy Wood;

and, in a note on this stanza, he is spoken of as 'Sandy Wood—one of the delightful reminiscences of old Edinburgh—who was at least eighty years of age, when, in high repute as a medical man, he could yet divert himself in his walks with the "Hie Schullie laddies," or bestow the relics of his universal benevolence in feeding a goat or a raven.'

The following anecdote is a proof of Mr Wood's popularity with the lower classes. During a riot in Edinburgh, some of the mob, mistaking him at night (owing to a great resemblance in figure) for Sir James Stirling, then the Lord Provost of the city, and at that time far from being a favourite, seized Mr Wood on the North Bridge, and were going to throw him over the parapet, when he cried out, 'I'm lang Sandy Wood—tak' me to a lamp and ye'll see.' Instead of executing their vengeance, he was cordially cheered and protected from farther outrage.

Sir James and Mr Wood, although thus in such different esteem with the lower class of the inhabitants of Edinburgh, were intimate friends. It is told of them, that on one occasion the provost—with his cocked hat, and long spare figure—meeting the doctor in the High Street, he jocularly put a guinea into his hand, and giving a piteous account of his sufferings from indigestion, and the state of his stomach, asked his advice. The doctor—with a figure almost equally spare, and the same head-dress—retreated from the provost, who continued to follow him, reproaching him for pocketing the money without giving him any opinion on his case. At last, after this scene had lasted for some considerable space, Mr Wood replied to Sir James's remonstrances, 'You're quite wrong, Sir James; I have been giving you the best possible advice all this while. If you'll take hold of my coat-tail, and only follow me for a week as you've been doing for the last ten minutes, you'll have no more trouble with your stomach.'

Although very confident in his own practice, and very decided, Mr Wood never failed to call in the aid of his professional brethren when there appeared to be real danger. The celebrated Dr Cullen and he were frequently in attendance together, and on the most friendly and intimate footing. Upon one occasion, they were in the sick-room of a young nobleman of high promise, who was afflicted with a severe fever—the doctor on one side of the bed, in his usual formal and important manner, counting the patient's pulse, with his large stop-watch in his hand—Mr Wood on the other, and the parents anxiously waiting the result. The doctor abruptly broke the silence—'We are at the crisis; in order to save him, these pills must be taken instantly,' producing some from his waistcoat pocket. Mr Wood, who had a real affection for the young lord, shook his head significantly, and said with a smile, 'Oh doctor, doctor, nature has already done her work, and he is saved. As to your pills, you may just as well give him some peas-meal.' The young lord, now a most distinguished and venerable earl, tells this anecdote of his old friend, and always adds, that he remembers the whole scene as well as if it had happened yesterday.

There are a few other characteristic anecdotes of Mr Wood, which may with propriety be given here. The following humorous one has been related to us by a citizen of Edinburgh, now in his eighty-third year. This gentleman was at the time an apprentice to Deacon Thomson, a glover and breeches-maker by profession. The deacon was a guzzling hypochondriacal sort of a genius, and, like many others of similar habits, was subject to much imaginary misery. One night he took it into his head that he was dying. Impressed with this belief, he dispatched a messenger for Mr Wood; but, being very impatient, and terrified that the 'grim king' should seize him before the doctor could come to his rescue, and suspecting that the messenger might dally with his mission, the dying breeches-maker started from the couch of anticipated dissolution, and went himself to the house of Mr Wood. He knocked violently at the door, and, in a state of great perturbation, told the servant to hurry his master to his house, 'for,' continued he, 'Deacon Thomson is just dying!' Having thus delivered his doleful mission, away hobbled the epicurean hypochondriac, anxious, from certain unpleasant suggestions which instinctively occurred to him, to get again into bed before the doctor should arrive. In this wise resolution he was, however, balked; Mr Wood, although half undressed when he received the summons, lost no time in hastening off, and pushed past the deacon just as he was threading his way up his own turnpike. 'Oh, doctor, it is me,' said the hypochondriac. 'You!' exclaimed the justly indignant Sandy Wood, at the same time applying his cane to the back of his patient with the utmost good-will. He then left him to ascend the remainder of the stair with the accelerated motion which the application of this wholesome regimen inspired; and so effectual proved the cure, that our informant has frequently heard the deacon mention the circumstance in presence of the doctor.

* At this age I myself left my classical school, scarcely knowing the name of a single river in the now world—tired almost to death by the history of the Illinois. In after life I entered a river in America more than five times as broad as from Dover to Calais, and with respect to the Illinois, which had received in my mind such distorted importance, I will only say, that I have recently walked across it in about twenty seconds, without wetting my ankles.

ENTHUSIASM IN PAPER MAKING.

In the Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c., numerous experiments are detailed of the manufacture of paper from various materials, and in their library is to be seen a book written in German, containing between thirty and forty specimens of paper made of different materials. The author of this curious work, M. Schäffer, was apparently one of those enthusiasts who become so enamoured of a particular pursuit as to cause every thing to be subservient to the one great end which they propose. M. Schäffer relates, that his interest in the pursuit becoming well known, every body was anxious to supply some material, or to suggest some hint in furtherance of his views, and that the most heterogeneous substances were constantly presented to him with the question, "Can you make this into paper?" His account of the causes which led him to many trials of different substances is confirmatory of the foregoing, while it illustrates the observation, that from the most trifling circumstances useful knowledge may be obtained by those who walk abroad with their senses and understandings alive to surrounding objects. By this means, and by the zealous co-operation of those more immediately about him, M. Schäffer affirms that his catalogue was much increased: while he became so absorbed in the all-engrossing subject, that it would seem the whole world assumed to him the character of one vast mass of latent material for paper.

The bark of various trees, of the willow, the beech, the aspen, and the hawthorn, have been successfully formed into paper. That made from the bark of the lime-tree is of a reddish-brown colour, and so extremely smooth as to be peculiarly well calculated for drawings; the paper produced of this bark is not merely confined to the leaves of a book of specimens, but it is manufactured for useful purposes in some of the northern parts of the Continent. The wood, as well as the inner bark of the mulberry, is likewise capable of being made into this substance. A specimen of paper made from the down of the catkins of the black poplar is of a very superior quality, being very soft and silky. A paper similar to the last was likewise produced from the silky down of the *asclepias*, with the admixture of a portion of linen rags. The tendrils of the vine, after being subjected to putrefactive fermentation, can be converted into a tolerable paper. The stalks of the mugwort, or *artemisia*, formed another material of nearly similar quality. This plant may almost be considered a weed, as it grows spontaneously on banks and on the sides of foot-paths, and its roots spread and propagate very rapidly. The nettle is another weed from which two kinds of paper have been made; the one from the rind, the other from the ligneous part. The paper manufactured from this plant by M. de Villette was of a dark green colour; that produced by M. Schäffer is tolerably white. The stalks of the common thistle, as well as the down which envelopes its seed, were both made available to this purpose. In relating the manner of manufacturing these stalks into paper, it is stated that the first experiment perfectly answered; a pulpy substance was produced, which cohered in thin sheets; but on a second trial, vain were the maceration and subsequent manipulations; it refused to become a coherent mass, and paper could not be produced without the addition of linen rags. At a subsequent period, M. Schäffer was led to suspect that this want of success might possibly have arisen in consequence of the more mature age of the plants, which rendered them woody, and less capable of being formed into a pulp.

The bark and stalk of bryony—the leaves of the *typha latifolia*, or cat's tail—the slender stalks of the climbing *climatis*—the more ligneous twigs of the branching broom—the fibrous stem of the upright lily—and the succulent stalks of the lordly river-weed, all were alike successfully brought into a pulpy consistence capable of cohering in thin and smooth surfaces. Substances yet more unpromising did this persevering experimentalist endeavour to convert to his favourite object. Turf-tree, earth, and coral moss, were successfully manufactured into paper. Even cabbage-stalks, wood-shavings, and sawdust, were each in turn placed under process, and specimens of the result are to be seen in the above-mentioned book. Then the rind of potatoes was acted upon, and, finally, the potato itself; this latter substance proved a most excellent material, producing a paper extremely smooth and soft to the touch, while its tenacity approached nearer to parchment than any other vegetable substance thus employed, and caused M. Schäffer to esteem it as a valuable drawing-paper, which he recommended should be manufactured exclusively for that purpose, as he supposed that an edible substance might be deemed too valuable to allow of its extensive use, except as an article of food. A good and cheap paper was produced from "pine buds," which, from the description given of them, are the common fir-apples, or fruit of fir-trees. These are well known as being hard woody cones, composed of scales overlapping each other. A singular accident led to the attempt with so apparently inappropriate a substance.

M. Schäffer's foreman had purchased a particular kind of bird, whose natural food is the fir-apple. Soon after it had been provided with its first meal, the man remarked a considerable quantity of downy litter in the bird's cage, and supposing that it had been negligently introduced with its food, the careful owner cleansed the cage, and procured a fresh supply of the pine buds. After a time, the same appearance was again observed in the cage, and on watching the movements of the bird, it was found diligently tearing to pieces each scale of the cone, until at length the whole assumed the form of a ball of tow, and then it was in a proper state of preparation to be used as food by the feathered epicure. Profiting by this hint, the owner went joyfully to tell the wonderful labours of the industrious bird, and how it had converted the harsh fir cone into a material of which paper could be made. No time was lost in imitating the operations of the bird on the fir-apple, and paper was shortly produced, extremely strong and serviceable, and fit for use as a wrapping-paper.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge; volume on Materials of Manufactures.*

NEW MODE OF TAKING CASTS.

Some time ago, a notice appeared in a literary and scientific journal of the invention at Paris of a machine, called the Physiognotype, for taking casts of the busts or countenances of individuals, which appears to be a great improvement on the present plan of procuring moulds by plastering faces with stucco. It is, says the notice, of a very simple nature, and takes the exact imprint of the countenance, without any disagreeable sensation, by an application of less than two seconds. This instrument is a metallic oval plate, pierced with a large quantity of small holes, very close together, and through each of which a metallic wire passes with extreme facility. These needles have the appearance of a brush. The whole is surrounded with a double case of tin, which contains warm water, in order to keep the instrument of a proper temperature with the blood. If any figure be applied against this brush of needles, it yields to the slightest pressure, and leaves an exact mould. The needles are then fixed by a very simple process, and from this metallic mould the cast is taken. It is, in fact, a new application of the principle of a process familiar to sculptors, by which a fac-simile of a model is obtained in marble, the needles in that case being driven into the stone. There is nothing disagreeable in the application of the instrument; but the sensation cannot well be described, although, if the Physiognotype were not heated, it would feel like immersing the face in snow. The impression left is an undoubted likeness, and the mask which it produces is a fac-simile of the mould. Nothing is wanting—even a vein in the temple is faithfully represented.

SONNET TO THE SOUTH WIND.

Ay, thou art welcome—heaven's delicious breath—
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death.
Wind of the sunny South, oh, long delay
In the gay woods and in the golden air—
Like to a good old age, released from care,
Journeying, in late serenity, away.
In such a bright, late quiet, would that I
Might wear out life, like thee, mid bowers and brooks,
And, dearest yet, the sunshine of kind looks,
And music of kind voices ever;
And, when my last sad twinkled in the glass,
Pass silently from *æon*, as thou dost pass.
—Bryant, an American Poet.

THE CAPTIVE'S DREAM.

I dream of all things free!
Of a gallant, gallant bark,
That sweeps through storm and sea,
Like an arrow to its mark!
Of a stag that o'er the hills
Goes bounding in his glee;
Of a thousand flashing rills—
Of all things glad and free.
I dream of some proud bird,
A bright-eyed mountain king!
In my visions I have heard
The rushing of his wing.
I follow some wild river
On whose breast no sail may be;
Dark woods around it shiver—
—I dream of all things free!
Of a happy forest child,
With the fawns and flowers at play;
Of an Indian midst the wild,
With the stars to guide his way;
Of a chief his warriors leading,
Of an archer's greenwood tree—
—My heart in chains is bleeding,
And I dream of all things free!

—National Lyrics, by Mrs Hemans.

HOW TO OPEN THE UNDERSTANDING.

Erasmus tells a story of Dean Colet, a man of some note in his day, and the founder of St Paul's School in London. This master held it impossible to be too severe, and always kept under-masters who were distinguished for flogging unmercifully. There never was a meal at school which was not followed with a punishment, to which strangers were invited, as if it had been an amusement. If no boy was in fault, then they took one who was innocent, that he might know what flogging was. "I was present one day," says Erasmus, "when they called out from dinner, according to custom, a boy about ten years old, who had been recently sent to school with a high recommendation from his mother, a lady of great piety. Then, that there might be an excuse for the severity, the lad was charged with some violence, although his appearance indicated quite the reverse. A nod was then given to one of the ushers, who forthwith stripped the boy, laid him flat on the floor, and proceeded to scourge as if the poor lad had been convicted of sacrilege. The dean interferred once or twice, saying, 'That's enough—that's enough!' But this executioner was so intent upon his work, that he heard nothing, and went on till the boy ceased shrieking, and appeared ready to faint. Then the dean turning round, observed, with some complacency, 'The little fellow was not in any fault; but you must always begin by breaking the spirit, before you address yourself to the understanding.'—From a recently published pamphlet of J. Macfarlan, Esq.

LOCUSTS.

The Egyptian plague of locusts made their appearance in Kwangse, and the western departments of Kwantung, about the 20th of July 1833. A small advance guard having come as far as Canton, orders were issued to the military and people to exterminate them, as was done when they made their appearance here in October 1833. As this was much easier said than done, the next resort was to the more rational mode of offering a bounty of twelve or fifteen cash per cattay for the locusts. But during the late strong winds, the locusts are said to have been driven before it in such quantities, and into such places, that the catchers of them seemed likely to realise some profit from the bounty. But true to Chinese prudence, the officers then immediately lowered the bounty, and would give but five or six cash per cattay. The damage occasioned by these insects is very great, and the Chinese always dread their approach. A swarm will destroy a field of rice in a short time, leaving the former green prospect an unsightly marsh. The Chinese affirm that the leader is the largest individual in the whole swarm, and that the rest follow all his motions. Some stragglers have made their appearance in the bongs, which were from two and a half to three inches long, strongly limbed, and agreed with the popular description given of the Egyptian locusts. The natives regard the insect, when deprived of the abdomen, and properly cooked, as possible eating, though they do not appear to hold a dish of locusts in much estimation.—*Chinese Repository.*

COSSACKS.

The name of *Cossacks* is taken from the Slavonic word *Koss* (scythe). The Russian peasants used to go to war, for want of arms, with their scythes, for which they were named *cossacks*—scythemen.

FAVOURITE WORDS.

In common speech there is a class of words which may be called favourites, being used on all possible occasions, when some other word would have been more correct. "Put" is one of these—as witness the following familiar examples:—

Put that book on the table. (This is CORRECT.)
Put water to that tea. (Should be POUR.)
Put the cloth on the dinner-table. (Should be LAY.)
Put down the carpet on the floor.
Put away the dinner things. (Should be TAKE.)
Put up the window. (Should be OPEN.)
Put down the upper sash. (Should be CLOSE OR PUSH DOWN.)
Put on the fire. (Should be MAKE OR KINDLE.)
The shopman put out all his stalls before us. (Should be SPREAD.)

We found the boys put in the classes according to their merits. (Should be PLACED.)
I directed the coachman to put me down at the gate. (Should be SET.)

Put the horse into the stable. (Should be LEAD.)
Put the stranger into the parlour. (Should be SHOW.)
It will be acknowledged, that, in each case, the correct word is as simple as the wrong one, and, in its own place, more expressive.

TOBACCO, A REMEDY FOR ARSENIC.

We find the following paragraph in Silliman's American Journal for October 1836, communicated to the editor by the Rev. Ralph Emerson:—"About the year 1820, Miss Sophia Eastman of Hallowell (now connected with the Orphan Asylum in Troy, state of New York) fell into the mistake, so often committed, of eating a portion of arsenic which had been prepared for the destruction of rats. Painful symptoms soon led to inquiry, and her mistake was discovered. An elderly lady who was present advised that she should be made to vomit as speedily as possible; and as she had always felt a perfect loathing for tobacco in every shape, it was supposed that this would at once effect the purpose. A pipe was used, but without producing any nausea. She next chewed a large portion of strong tobacco, and swallowed the juice, and that without even a sensation of disgust. A strong decoction was then made with hot water, of which she drank perhaps half a pint. Still there was neither nausea nor dizziness, nor did it operate as an emetic or a cathartic. The painful sensations at her stomach, however, subsided, and she began to feel well. On the arrival of physicians, an emetic of blue vitriol was administered, which operated moderately once. One or two days after, there was a discharge of a dark-green colour, approaching to black. No ill consequences followed."

BALDNESS.

Baldness is evidently caused by a morbid state of the secretions in which the roots of the hair are imbedded. General relaxation and debility we may consider as synonymous terms, though often used to imply distinct conditions. Baldness, however, depends upon this condition of the secretory vessels at the roots of the hair, destined to supply the necessary nutriment for this capillary growth. Hence, fever often produces baldness than any thing else. Oils, therefore, we consider totally useless, unless the head be scurfy. Ardent spirits is the best application, for it tends to contract the scalp, and for this reason Eau de Cologne is used. From these observations, it will appear evident that such brushes should not be used with hair that is beginning to fall off.—*Medical publication.*

THE RULING PASSION.

During a negotiation between Mr Fordham, the late celebrated horse-dealer of Cambridge, and one of the members of the university, the former was suddenly taken ill. There were only very few pounds between them, in respect to the price. The gentleman, little expecting what had occurred, called the next morning at the stable-yard, and asked to see Mr Fordham. "Master, sir," said the hostler, "is dead, but he left word that you should have the horse."

ANECDOTE.

The father of William Gessling, the antiquary, and author of "Walks in and about Canterbury," was one of the favourites of King Charles II., and remarkable for a fine voice. In allusion to which, the merry monarch once said, "Talk of your nightingales which have a gosling who excels them all." His majesty presented him with a silver egg, filled with guineas, saying, "I have heard the eggs are good for the voice."

LAZINESS.

A father asked a lazy son, what made him lie in bed so long. "I am busied," said he, "in hearing counsel every morning. Industry advises me to get up, sloth to lie still; and so they argue me twenty reasons, for and against. It is my part to hear what is said on both sides; and by the time the cause is over, dinner is ready."

RECIPE FOR MAKING EVERLASTING SHOES.

A nobleman of Gascony (for all Gascons are noblemen) on complaining that his pumps did not last long enough, the humble shoemaker asked him of what stuff his lordship should like to have them made. "Make the vamp," said he, "of the thinnest of a chorister; the quarter, of the skin of a wolf's neck; and the sole, of a woman's tongue." The astonished Crispin made him with a second question, in the shape of a timid and hesitating "Pourquoi?" "Why, you blockhead," replied the wags, "because the first never admits water; the second, because it never wears on either side; and the last, because, although always in motion, it never wears out."

CANDOUR.

An honest brewer divided his liquor into three classes—strong, table, common-table, and *lamben-table*. This, at least, was his

A SAD CASE OF DISTRESS.

A man in the last stage of destitution came before the stipendiary magistrate at Lambeth Street, and stated, that having, by operation of the New Poor Laws, been suddenly deprived of parish assistance, he was reduced to such extremity, that, if not instantly relieved, he must be driven to a deed that his soul shuddered at. The worthy magistrate instantly ordered him five shillings from the poor-box, and after a suitable admonition against giving way to despair, asked him what dreadful deed he would have been impelled to, but for this seasonable relief. "To wait," said the man, with a deep sigh, as he left the office.—*Comic Liberator.*

MOORISH CONCEIT.

The Moors consider Spain as a country to which they still lay a right to aspire; and many families in Morocco and Tetuan to this day preserve the key of the houses of their ancestors in Castile, Arragon, Leon, &c. and hope one day to use them again.

ALBANIAN WOMEN.

The Albanian women have a custom which at any rate prevents a portion of deceit and disappointment in regard to marriages. The younger females "wear a kind of skull-cap, composed entirely of pieces of silver coin, parans and plasters, with their hair falling down in braids to a great length, and also strewn with money. This is a very prevailing fashion; and a girl, before she is married, as she collects her portion, carries it on her head.—*Hobhouse's Journey through Albania.*

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